

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
W. R. HEARST

THE FIRST CHECK TO THE TRUSTS.

For six years the Democratic party has been wandering in the wilderness, but at last it is within sight of the Promised Land. Yesterday's elections are the most encouraging since Cleveland destroyed the organization that had elected him and left the New Democracy to be founded on its ruins.

McKinley and Bryan, the two leaders of 1896, were on trial again yesterday, each in his own State. McKinley has saved his, if at all, by an insignificant majority. Bryan carries his by the greatest majority ever given to a Democratic ticket in Nebraska.

Nebraska is normally a Republican State, held for the Democracy hitherto by narrow margins by the force of Mr. Bryan's personal energy and popularity. Now it is more solidly Democratic than Kentucky. Ohio is normally a Republican State whose majorities have run into the scores of thousands. Now it has barely been saved to the Administration, if at all.

Congratulations to Mr. Bryan.

Condolences to Mr. McKinley.

Maryland, which gave its votes to McKinley in 1896, is redeemed. So is Kentucky. Virginia is solidly Democratic. Other states show Democratic gains.

The result in Ohio displays the meaning of the political revolution. Samuel Jones, the enemy of trusts and the advocate of public ownership of public utilities, received the largest vote ever given to an independent candidate for Governor. Hanna, the defender of the trusts, was beaten in his own county.

The first plank in the Democratic national platform of 1900 has been written by the people at the polls:

DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

And the second is like it:

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community should belong to the Community.

Mr. Davenport foreshadowed the people's victory in his cartoon in yesterday's Journal. He showed the Lilliputian citizens binding the Trust giant with their votes and said: "This is the Day for the Little People—Will They Do It?"

They have done it. And they will be encouraged to do it again more effectively next year. Long live triumphant Democracy! Its day has dawned.

Democratic

New York.

Whatever may happen elsewhere—however Democratic strength may vary—the city of New York remains the unconquerable stronghold of Democracy. Here the majorities remain on their old-time scale of imposing magnitude. New York has given her answer to Platt, and it is a blow between the eyes.

Why is it that the Democratic party is able to maintain its power here when it is in a state of general debility everywhere else? There can be but one answer. It is because here it has that

superb organization which so many Democrats elsewhere hate and would like to destroy—the most effective organization known to the politics of the world—Tammany Hall. Yesterday's returns were a triumph for that thorough, detailed and scientific political work which only Tammany knows how to perform to perfection.

And they were something more than that. They were a vindication of the present municipal government. They were a proof that the people of New York appreciated what a Democratic municipal administration had done for them in the matter of schools and protection against corporate raids. They were an answer to the slanders of Moss and Mazet.

This election will tend to assuage the grief of those reformers who lamented that all the anti-Tammany forces could not combine in 1897. They combined this year, and the result was that instead of a plurality Tammany got a majority over all. The simple truth is that in anything like a normal year Tammany cannot be beaten. That is the fundamental fact of New York politics, and the gentlemen who amuse themselves figuring out anti-Tammany combinations might as well take it as the basis of their calculations.

The Passing of Reformer Mazet.

Farewell to Mr. Robert Mazet.

Farewell to his alleged reform and inspired revenge.

Farewell to the post-mortem legislative squad and the clap-net investigators sent down from Albany to reform Dick, to praise Tom and to raise Harry.

The result of yesterday's election in the Nineteenth Assembly District shows that however much this city may approve of real reform, it has no patience with sham reformers.

Neither has this city a particle of use for any reformer who condemns one man as a thief while tying the white ribbon of purity around the neck of the most notorious political larcenist in the State.

The cause of the defeat of Mazet may be found in the abject failure of his investigating committee to accomplish any definite thing on earth except to make itself ridiculous in the eyes of all men.

Scorned by those "investigated," deplored by Republicans, ridiculed by the press and despised by everybody, the Mazet Committee has gone to that bourne from which no partisan committee returns.

Hitherto the Nineteenth Assembly District has been strongly Republican. Last year it gave Roosevelt over 1,000 majority. This has been utterly wiped out by the record of Mazet.

In fact, the effect of the Mazet fiasco has been to enroll Republicans throughout the city in the Democratic ranks.

In relegating Mazet to private life we commend him to the text of Mr. T. C. Platt: "And the expectations of the wicked shall perish."

Apparently the trust-loving speechmaking of Mark Hanna in Ohio did not bring a vote to the Republican side of the ledger.

The fact that he was beaten in his own county of Cuyahoga by Jones shows that he was discredited by his own neighbors.

Look After Our Own Soldiers.

Miss Helen Gould has been exerting herself, like the loyal, generous American woman she is, to promote the comfort of the American soldiers who are risking their lives for our flag in the Philippines. Her example is worth the thoughtful consideration of those other American women who are rushing forward to contribute their tens, fifties and hundreds of pounds for the equipment of a British hospital ship.

Charity begins at home. We have not heard of any British subscriptions for the relief of our soldiers at Manila, even when England had no war of her own on hand. Yet it is probable, considering the nature of the country in which they are fighting, the climate, and the length of time they have been at work, that our boys need comforts more than the British soldiers do.

Doubtless our English friends argued, and with perfect justice, that if the American troops needed hospital ships we were able to supply them without help. Similarly, we have no reason to suppose that England is sending out an army she is unable to care for. There are plenty of rich Englishmen, such as Mr. W. W. Astor and Mr. Bradley Martin, each of whom is abundantly able to equip a hospital ship out of his own pocket. Let them look after their army, and let us look after ours.

New York Central Scheme to Abolish Tips

Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, is at the head of a movement to abolish the practice of "tipping" on dining and sleeping cars.

Mr. Daniels is no doubt a fine and capable passenger agent, but he seems to have no idea of the depths of slavishness to which we have descended in the matter of tips.

The first thing Mr. Daniels should do to carry out his Utopian idea would be to raise the wages of sleeping car porters and dining car waiters to a point where the passive sandbagging of passengers would be unnecessary. Otherwise his efforts will be futile.

He should furnish a free whisk-broom and pillow to each passenger. He should provide porter-proof safes, where the passengers may hide their shoes away from the nocturnal shine. Otherwise tips will continue unabated and the sable porter will continue to acquire brownstone houses.

Yet no well-disposed American citizen regrets a tip to a sleeping car porter. In each case, however, the tip should fit the service. The sleeping car company does not require the porter to shine the passengers' shoes or to brush their clothes. These services are performed in the hope of remuneration, as something outside his regular duties.

With the waiter in the dining car it is different. He is a tip terror, and extorts pay for doing the very things he is expected to do. He can bring you a bad meal or a good one, and the anticipation of a bad dinner is generally sufficient to bring forth a tip.

Until Mr. Daniels proves the success of his undertaking we shall believe it to be impossible.

At last Alfred Austin, England's official poet, has successfully wooed his stereotyped muse. We recognize in "Africa's shore," "inflexible as fate," "unfaltering hands" and "fettered State," our old friends of venerable whiskers and prehistoric value. We extend to Mr. Austin our awe-stricken congratulations.

He Is Surprised.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am somewhat surprised at your editorial this morning, "The Trust Points the Way," citing the Continental Telegraph Company as an example of "Trusts" that will revolutionize things in the Trust line and give the people their money's worth. Will this new telegraph company dish out service to the public similar to the companies in Europe? Will it raise the personnel of the telegraphers to the standard of the profession in the old countries, where a telegraph operator is an envied individual by ordinary clerks and fellows of his class, and not considered a low-down mental, public enemy, etc., as in this glorious country? The public would appreciate the difference in service if the condition in life of its operators were changed a little. Of course, we could probably do it ourselves by organizing, but then come strikes and all the attendant ill-feeling between employer and employee, so I think the best way for all concerned—and that is every one who patronizes the telegraph—is to have the Government own all the lines, railroad included, and have all employees undergo a civil service examination. The best qualified men would then be employed, and with a high standard of wages all service would be rendered.

TELEGRAPHER.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 4, 1899.

This is a specimen of the discouragements that beset the well-meaning editor. Here we take the organization of a trust for the control of the telegraph and telephone business as a text for a discourse upon the advantages of Government ownership of the telegraphs. We say that we welcome the creation of this trust because it makes it so clear that the Government must own the telegraphs, and at the same time puts the system in the most convenient shape for acquisition by the public. "The Trust Points the Way," we say. And then somebody reads the article, or at least the headline, and then sits down and writes a letter saying that he is surprised at our approval of the control of the telegraph business by a trust, and that for his part he stands up for the ownership of the telegraphs by the Government. Is it not cheering?

Help American Soldiers.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Why not start a movement to get up money for the Boers, who are more than worthy of our deepest expressions of sympathy in their fight against oppression? With your usual enterprise, you ought to be able to raise \$100,000. I'll send you \$5 when I get the thing started. G. W. COLLAMORE, No. 604 Washington st., Boston.

The Journal sees no reason why Americans should take a hand on either side in a war in which they have no concern. Subscriptions for the Boers and for English hospital ships seem equally out of place. If Mr. Collamore has five dollars to spare, why not invest it in Christmas delicacies for our soldiers in the Philippines?

The London Times' Reply a Confession.

Editor of the New York Journal:

After reading the much-heralded reply of the London Times to Miss Olive Schreiner in the Journal this morning I am amazed that such a statement has been put forth, with an air of official indorsement, as England's sufficient answer to criticism that strikes so deep as does Miss Schreiner's.

The writer of the reply, himself a leading spirit in the aggressive tactics of the Uitlanders, attempts very unfortunately to employ a species of finesse which is familiar to lawyers when they find themselves cornered by the facts. Remembering the example of the closely pressed outlander he tries to hide the issue behind a cloud of ink. But unconsciously he thrusts into the foreground the very truth he would conceal.

Miss Schreiner, he says, accuses the Uitlander capitalists, and, having tried to narrow her case to this simple accusation, he proceeds to defend the capitalists. For this purpose he goes back to the beginning of the Uitlander movement, and asserts that it was not the capitalists but the non-capitalists who stirred up the first trouble. The capitalists, he naively assures us, were afraid of endangering their financial interests!

But the movement, which he calls "reform" and others call encroachment, was started—what matter who did it?

Now, observe the fatuity of the writer of the reply. Having confined himself to the mere defence of the mining magnates—as if that were a proper meeting of Miss Schreiner's far broader charges—and having shown that in the beginning those men, for a not very creditable reason, withheld themselves from the Uitlanders' movement, he next proceeds to admit that gradually the capitalists threw in their lot with the reformers, until now they find themselves with their "financial future staked on the result of war!" Is not this a complete admission of the truth of Miss Schreiner's charge? So, after wasting a column of print in an attack on her position, he comes out, as the British have come out from some of their recent "glorious victories," with all the strategic points still in possession of the enemy.

It seems to me, then, that the statement in the London Times, instead of being a reply, is a confession. GARRATT P. SERVUS.

New York, Nov. 4.

"ROUND NEW YORK" ATTRACTIVE SHOW. SO SAYS ALAN DALE AFTER FOUR HOURS OF IT.

MANAGING DIRECTOR WILLIAM A. BRADY, of Koster & Bial's (and a few other things), tells me that he lost eight pounds in weight while preparing "Round New York" for metropolitan digestion. I don't wonder at it. My opinion is, however, that he will never find the missing flesh. "Round New York" is far too capacious. You could lose a ton in it, and nobody would be any the wiser. In fact, if you cast Mr. Brady, in toto, into its seething midst, it would probably be the last of him.

I sat for four solid hours yesterday and watched this performance, with its trooping chorus girls, its heavily dialectal comedian, its James J. Corbett, its long list of good names, its unusually handsome costumes and its variegated assortment of music. Try as I would I couldn't get any very particular impression of it into my mind. I should say that by Saturday, when it has seasoned and acclimatized itself, it will be an attractive show, with food in it for all sorts and conditions of people. It will be a good thing to lounge at, to take in slices, and to smoke through. That is what Koster & Bial's needs, Brady's policy is a good one, and in "Round New York" the material is there.

There is a great deal of pure philanthropy in this new scheme. Besides engaging nearly everybody on earth, and giving employment to a whole army of librettists, lyricists, composers, etc., Mr. Brady advertises the rest. If that uptown restaurant which is so gorgeously shown doesn't board every blessed chorus girl and sourette in the east free of charge, that proprietor doesn't deserve his good fortune. But this particular restaurant is not the only recipient of Mr. Brady's bounty. He advertises cigarettes—in luminous letters—hats and goodness knows what besides. Later on he will probably give us a "help wanted" and "situation wanted" scene, and we shall be able to go and see "Round New York" and engage a cook there. The whole thing is most serviceable, and must be a boon, I should say.

"Round New York" has eleven scenes, two full-fledged burlesques and various specialties. It has just about twice as much as you will find anywhere else. Its best features are its costumes and music; its worst, its book—the names of the makers of which I will refrain from mentioning, from a feeling of delicacy for the gentlemen involved.

The best scenes in the piece occur near the Dewey Arch, where an automobile full of ladies are cast at your feet, and in a Thompson street "coon" hall, on a busy cake walk night. The scenes are crowded, lively and vivacious, and they make you forget the melancholy front stretches that prevail while they are being set. Mr. Brady will probably pull out those melancholy stretches before the week ends, and that will lighten the whole affair into coherent merriment. When they were all singing and giggling and cavorting about you enjoyed yourself and felt that you were in the right place at the right time. It was only when the deadly librettists got in their fell work that you began to wonder why you had wandered from your own fire-side. Some of the original music is pretty and effective, and the selections from "Pot Pourri," that clever London affair, are excellent.

Of the burlesques "Sharp Becky" was cleverer than "the Zangwill play." Miss Etta Butler distinguished herself by an excellent imitation of Mrs. Flske, in which she shows that lady's trick of biting holes in her lips and looping her mouth behind her ear. Miss Butler is a whole fund of enjoyment, and the feminine element was further strengthened by Kitty Mitchell, of the charming repertoire and engaging manners. Although there were women enough in "Round New York" to fill any ordinary theatre, there was scarcely anybody worth mentioning besides Miss Butler and Miss Mitchell.

Marguerita Sylva, a dark, haughty person, with surprised eyebrows, seemed to be superior to her surroundings. She had the airs of a "right down regular" prima donna, instead of the sparkle that goes toward making a burlesque successful. The Angeles sisters—rather helpless young persons—were there, although you would scarcely have known it, and there was the usual quantum of Gaudes and Julius and Hatties and Mauds.

"The fat" roles were given to men—which was a mistake. There are too many men in "Round New York." There are quarters of an hour full of nothing but the jargon talk of comedians who hold up the stage with a pertinacity that is really remarkable. The "star" person is Mr. Dick Bernard, a brother of the unending and fearless Sam; and a slavish imitation of that gentleman. If I were Sam I should enjoin Dick, who could then retaliate by enjoining Sam. In that way we might get rid of them both. Dick Bernard, how-

ever, is not as dreadful as his brother. He is willing to co-operate with others. He doesn't stand in the centre of the stage and pour his dialect into your ears until you yell for mercy, as Sam does. Dick Bernard is not un clever, and I'll let him go at that. I only hope that there are no more of this family. Jess Dandy contrived Hebrew impersonations of the approved type, and in "the Zangwill play" he let himself loose. If it were not that the play at the Herald Square had opened the doors to ridicule on all sides I might protest against a good deal of the stuff that Mr. Carle has introduced into his burlesque. But it would be useless. Jewish traditions have been held up for burlesque by a Zionist, and it would be unreasonable to object to the result at Koster & Bial's. If some of the silly members of the Lieber Company will go to Koster & Bial's they will see what their Zangwill has done for the good of his cause. It will give them food for a few more protests.

Robby Gaylor uses his Irish dialect more effectively in a crowd than he does when alone. It was a different Robby to the unfortunate whom I saw in this very house not very long ago. In a crowd Robby is stuffed out like a candle when he grows obstreperous, and that is what he needs. There are very few comedians in New York who don't need snuffing. David Torrence, a long-young man with a comic opera air, was one of the few serious masculine features, and James J. Corbett, slim and meek and unassuming, played himself with evidences of knowing the character by heart. Of the prize fighters, Jeffries and Sharkey, I can say nothing, because I didn't see them. Not being a muttum in parvo, like Brady, I feel that they were out of my province, and consequently decided to scratch upon nobody.

"Round New York," a big undertaking, carried through by Brady in an inconceivably short time, will find few enemies. It will surely condense itself into just the sort of a success that New York needs. It is already being skinned of its superfluous tissue, and it is an excellent excuse for an all-night key just at present; it is simmering down. Mr. Brady can go straight ahead and bank on our willingness to support him. But I don't think that he'll recover his eight pounds. Anybody finding that amount of flesh will be suitably rewarded on returning it to its owner. ALAN DALE.

EX-PRESIDENT HIS OWN BABY TENDER.

GENERAL HARRISON'S TRIALS ON SHIPBOARD.



General Harrison with His Little Daughter on His Knee.

PASSENGERS who crossed with General Harrison on the outgoing steamer give an amusing account of his predicament on the voyage. The weather was bad, and the scene on board, even in the first-class cabin, was distressing. Few of the passengers escaped seasickness, the ex-President being one of the exceptions.

Soon after land was out of sight Mrs. Harrison succumbed. A few hours later the maid and nurse were stricken, and to cap the climax the General's valet and secretary were in the same condition.

General Harrison being the only one of the party able to leave the stateroom, he had to take charge of the baby, a bouncing girl of two years, who persistently refused to walk a step.

Through the wooden partition of the stateroom a weak woman's voice was heard to plead, "My dear, take the baby on the deck. I am so sick I believe that I am going to die."

"Don't you think that if you tried to get up you would feel better," was heard from the General, in weary tones.

"No, I shall never get up again," was the tragic response, and soon the ex-President appeared with the child in the companion way.

The few passengers able to be on deck saw a struggling infant screaming loudly as it was being awkwardly carried on its father's arms, its bare legs with the leggings dropping off and its cap awry. Up and down the deck walked the General in his efforts to pacify the child. Louder and louder screamed the angry little one. Finally the long suffering parent lost all patience and made a bolt for the seclusion of the cabin.

The next morning, after a night of watching, the cries of the baby were again heard. "Horrors come!" was the exclamation of the passengers as the gray head of General Harrison once more emerged through the opening, and another weary day passed in the same sorry plight.

This state of affairs continued throughout the entire journey, until sympathetic passengers attempted to relieve the worn-out father of his burden. Every attempt, however, to approach him was met with such a rebuff that even the most tender-hearted among the women finally gave up efforts and left the two to fight it out alone.

This was bad enough, but by no means the worst, since in the open air there was nothing for the baby to destroy. But when bedtime came the child was taken to the table, to sit on her father's knee while he sipped his soup. This was the mischievous little maid's opportunity. Clutching the tablecloth with both her tiny fists, she cried: "More soup, more soup; baby wants more soup!" and, with a frantic clutch at the General's plate, she landed the contents in his lap, wrecking dishes and creating general destruction at the table.

When at last the steamer hove in sight of land the pale, weak mother was helped to the deck, and the other members of the party appeared one by one, more or less the worse for their painful experience, the ex-President, in dignified silence, still bearing his little daughter, whose baby spirit had so tried his patience throughout the voyage.

Likes Journal, But Not England.

Editor of the New York Journal:

As a constant reader of your paper, allow me to thank you for your editorial reply to "Anglo-American" regarding your publishing both sides of the present war in South Africa.

In this connection allow me to say that I differ totally with your position in this matter, as England's policy is now and always has been "Might is right." She is after nothing but to steal from a weak people, and I only wish I could feel that she would meet the fate she so justly deserves, and such as she met on two different occasions at the hands of those brave, honest and patriotic Boers.

WALKER TAYLOR.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 3.

Why Don't Uitlanders Fight?

Editor of the New York Journal:

How is it, if the proportion of Uitlander population to Boers be as 20 to 6, the former do not have their own way by "force majeure?"

If twenty men cannot down six, I reckon they deserve to stay right where they are. Our war for the Cubans was in aid of the weaker party, but Great Britain seems to be wasting her blood and treasure upon a lot of feeble cowards, who not only cannot guard the profits of their labor, but actually leave in peril the brave men who come across the seas to help them. How's all this? WANT T' KNOW.

Chicago, Nov. 4.